

## A Planetary Trio.

THE two biggest planets, Jupiter and Saturn, and the smallest, Mercury, are close together in the sunset in the eastern end of the constellation Leo. Jupiter is as big as 1,300 earths; Saturn as 750 earths.



## Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1585, of Cardinal Richelieu, the greatest Frenchman of his time, who raised France to a high place among the powers, thanks to the complaisance of Louis XIII.

# Robert W. Chambers' THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

AS Quarren went out he heard his lordship burst forth into his distressing whistling; and he left him searching piercing for inspiration to complete his "Coster's Hornpipe."

On the train Quarren bought the evening papers; and this first item that met his eye was a front-page column devoted to the Dankmores. Every paper had broken out in glaring scare-headers announcing the recent despoiling of Dankmores arms and the venture into trade of Algernon Cecil Clarence Payre, tenth Earl of Dankmore. The majority of papers were factitious, one or two scathing, but the more respectable journals managed to repress a part of their characteristic antagonism and report the matter with a minimum of venom and a rather exhaustive historical accompaniment:

"POOR FEEL EAGER TO SELL HEIRLOOMS."

"Lord Dankmore's Case Said to Be One of Dozens Among the British Aristocracy"

"GAMBLING SPIRIT BLAMED"

"Observers Ascribe Poverty of Old British Families to This Cause."

Many Rent Rolls Declared to Be Mortgaged.

"The opening of the so-called Dankmore Galleries, on Lexington avenue, will bring into the limelight once more a sprightly though somewhat world-battered little peer recently and disastrously connected with the stage and its feminine adjuncts."

"The Dankmore Galleries blossom in a shabby old house flanked on one side by a chop-suey restaurant haunted of celestials, and on the other by an undertaker's establishment displaying the following enterprising sign: Mortem's

## What Has Happened So Far in "The Streets of Ascalon"

DICK QUARREN, a talented young man, lives in bachelor quarters with friends in apartments known as the Irish Legation. When the story opens Quarren's friends are discussing the return of one of his checks. They assert that society has got a hold on him and is making a nobody out of him. Westgard, who has accepted the check, calls Quarren's attention to it. The latter takes it lightly, saying that he forgot to make a deposit.

Lord Blitherington and the Duke of Putney by close official ties to the court—and the agents of either new-rich Britishers or wealthy Americans has reached its maximum, and by degrees unentailed treasures and heirlooms are passing from owners of many centuries to families that were unheard of a dozen years ago.

"THE AWFUL YANKEE."

"The American is given priority in the matter of purchase, not only because he pays more, as a rule, but also for the reason that the transfer of his prize to the United States removes the possibility of noble sellers being pestered with awkward questions by the inquisitive. For, however, unostentatiously home deals are made and transfers affected, society soon learns the facts. So hard up, however, has the better-known aristocracy become, and so willing are they to trade at fancy sums to anxious purchasers, that several curio dealers in the St. James' quarter hold unlimited power of attorney to act for plutocratic American principals either in the United States or in this country."

"Those who are reasonably entitled to explain the cause of this poverty among old families, whose landed estates are unimpaired in acreage at least, and whose inheritance was of respectable proportions, declare that not since the eighteenth century has the gambling spirit so persistently invaded

the inside coteries of high society. The desire to acquire riches quickly seems to have taken hold of the erstwhile staid and conventional upper ten, just as it has seized upon the smart set. The recent boom in oil and rubber have had the effect of transferring many a comfortable rent roll from its owner's bankers'—mildly's just as often as mildred's—to the chartered mortgagors of the financial world. The panic in America in 1907 showed to what extent the English nobility was interested, not only in gilt-edged securities, but also to what degree it was involved in wildcat finance. The directing geniuses of many of the suspect ventures of today in London are often the possessors of names that are writ rubric in the pages of Debrett and Burke.

There At Last.

"According to a London radical paper, there are at present over a score of estates in the auction mart which must soon pass from some of the bluest-blooded nobles in Great Britain to men whose fortunes have grown in the past few years from the humblest beginnings, a fact which itself cannot fail to change both the tone and the constitution of town and country society."

Quarren read every column, grimly, to the end, winching when he encountered some casual reference to himself and his recent social activities. Then, lips compressed, boyish gaze fixed on the passing landscape, he sat brooding until at last the con-

Mrs. Wycherly, a cousin of Westgard's brings Streisa Leeds, a fascinating young widow of scarcely twenty, to call. The men all fall in love with her. Wycherly gives a masked ball and Quarren, as a Harlequin, hunts out Streisa and, both masked, she not knowing him, they have a battle of wits, in which she promises him an hour out of her life if he will guess who she is. He tells her and claims his forfeit.

ductor opened the door and shouted the name of his station.

The Wycherly's new place, Witch-Hollow, a big rambling farm among the Connecticut hills, was only three hours from New York and half an hour by automobile from the railroad. The buildings were wooden and not new; a fashionable architect had made the large house "colonially" endurable with furnaces and electricity as well as with fan-lights and fluted pilasters.

Most of the land remained wild—wood-grown pastures, hard-wood ridges, neglected orchards planted seventy years ago. Molly Wycherly had ordered a brand-new old-time garden to be made for her overlooking the wide, untruffled river; also a series of sylvan paths along the wooded shores of the hill-side lake which was inhabited by bass placed there by orders of her husband.

"For heaven's sake," he said to his wife, "don't try to knock any antiquity into the place; I'm sick of fine old ancestral halls put up by building-loan associations. Plenty of paint and varnish for mine, Molly, and a few durable iron fountains and bronze stags on the lawn."

"No, Jim," she said firmly. "So he ordered an airplane, a herd of sheep, a shepherd and two tail-less sheep dogs, and made plans to spend most of his vacation yachting, when he did not spend it in town."

But he was restlessly domiciled at Witch-Hollow now, and he met Quarren at the station in a bright purple runabout which he drove

like lightning, one hand on the steering wheel, the other carelessly waving toward the streaky landscape in affable explanation of the various points of interest.

"Quite a little colony of us up here, Quarren," he said. "I don't know why anybody picked out this silly country for estates, but Langly Sprowl started a stud farm over yonder, and then poor Chester Ledwith built a house for his wife in the middle of a thousand acres, over there where you see those maple woods—and then people began to come and pick up worn-out farms and make 'em into fine family places—Lester Caldera's model dairies are behind that hill; and that leather-headed O'Hara has a bungalow somewhere—and there's a sort of Hunt Club, too, and a bum pack of kity's."

The wind tore most of his speech from his lips and whirled it out of earshot; Quarren caught a word now and then which interested him. It also interested him to observe how Wycherly shaved annihilation at every turn of the road.

"I've asked some men to bring up their airplanes and have a few flies on me," continued his host. "I've a 'Stinger' monoplane and a Kent biplane myself. I can't get any more sensations out of motoring. I'd as soon wheel twins in a go-cart."

Quarren saw him cleverly avoid death with one hand, and laughed. "Who is stopping with you up here?" he shouted close to Wycherly's ear. "Nobody—Mrs. Leeds. Chrysos

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

Lacy and Sir Charles. There are some few neighbors, too—Langly is mousing and prowling about; and that poor Ledwith man is all alone in his big house—fixing to get out of it so his wife can move in from Reno when she's ready for more mischief. . . . Here we are, Quarren! Your stuff will be in your rooms in a few minutes. There's my wife, now—"

He waved his hand to Molly, but let Quarren go forward alone while he started across the fields toward his hangar where, in grotesque and vicious-looking immobility, reposed his new winged pet, the little Stinger monoplane wings set as wickedly as an alert wasp's.

CHAPTER IX. As Quarren came forward between the peonies drooping over the flagged walk, Molly Wycherly, awaiting him on the veranda, laid her forefinger across her lips conjuring caution.

"I didn't tell Streisa that you were coming," she whispered; "I didn't suppose the child could possibly object."

"Does she?" "Why—this morning I said carelessly to Jim that I meant to ask you, and Streisa came into my room latter and begged me not to ask you until she had left."

"Why?" inquired the boy grimly. "I really don't know, Ricky."

"Yes, you do. What has happened?"

"You're certainly rude enough." "What has happened, Molly?" "I don't know for certain, I tell you. . . . Langly Sprowl has been roving around the place a great deal lately. He and Streisa ride together nearly every day."

"Do you think she has come to an understanding with him?" "She hasn't told me so. Perhaps she prefers Sir Charles."

"Do you believe that?" "Frankly, No. I'm much more

afraid that Langly has persuaded her into some sort of a tacit engagement. . . . I don't know what the child can be thinking of—unless the universal criticism of Langly Sprowl has convinced her of his martyrdom. . . . There'll be a pretty situation when Mary Ledwith returns. . . . I could kill Langly!" She doubled both pretty hands and frowned at Quarren, then her swift smile broke out and she placed the tips of her fingers on his shoulders and stooping from the top steps deliberately kissed him. Good News.

"You dear fellow," she said; "I don't care what Streisa thinks; I'm glad you've come. And, oh, Ricky! The papers are full of you and Dankmore and your new enterprise—I laughed and laughed—forgive me, but the papers were so funny—and I couldn't help laughing."

Quarren forced a smile. "I have an idea," he said, "that our new business is destined to command a good deal of respect sooner or later."

"Has Dankmore anything really valuable in his collection?" "I'm taking that risk," he said, gaily. "Wait a few weeks, Molly, before you and Jim try to buy the entire collection."

"I can see Jim decorating the new 'Stinger' with old masters," laughed Molly. "Come upstairs with me; I'll show you your quarters. Go lightly and don't talk. Streisa is wandering around the house somewhere with a bad case of blue devils, and I'd rather see her over her headache before your appearance adds another distressing jolt."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, by Robert W. Chambers. Published by Arrangement With International Feature Service, Inc.)

## HOW TO CURE A COLD

By Brice Belden, M. D.

PROPER treatment of a cold in the head results in marked amelioration of the distressing symptoms and definitely shortens the attack.

The duration of an attack before treatment is begun modifies the results. If delay has brought about a boggy and swollen condition of the tissues of the usual chambers, recovery will be more delayed than if remedies are applied in the early stage of the acute catarrhal process.

Local treatment consists in instilling by means of a medicine dropper or an atomizer a few drops of adrenalin solution of a strength of 1 part in 10,000. After the constricting effect of the adrenalin is attained, and it acts very rapidly, it will be found that the patient can draw air through the nostrils, when the nasal chambers should be washed clear of mucus by means of the following lotion in an atomizer:

Salt, 15 grains; boric acid, 10 grains; borax, 10 grains; distilled water, 3 ounces.

The parts being thoroughly cleaned, a fine spray of the following should be used as antiseptic, sedative, anesthetic and protective: menthol, 5 grains; camphor, 5 grains; mineral oil, 1 ounce.

Internally, half-teaspoonful doses of bicarbonate of soda should be taken every two hours for three doses. A hot foot-bath, with mustard in it, and hot lemonade, are useful on going to bed. Half a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre may be added to the hot lemonade, and will greatly increase its efficacy.

Small tonic doses of quinine are a good supportive measure (2 grains three times daily).

## Why you need

## RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

Because it's

Invaluable for

Burns Chafing

Scalds Rashes

Cuts Cold Sores

Stings Sunburn

## FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

BUT there was no time for him to answer; the train had started.

As the train bore Eva to her husband's home in the country, she sat in the corner hardly moving till she reached her station. Would Philip be there to meet her? It seemed improbable; she did not even trouble to look for him as she left the platform.

But he was there, at the wheel of the little two-seater looking towards her. His eyes, hard and accusing, met hers, and she felt an insane desire to laugh.

She had actually thought she could make this man jealous—this cold, indifferent man who was her husband! "You were very sure I should come," she said.

There was no attempt at any other greeting. She got in beside him and he started away.

It was the same car in which he had driven her the night of the dinner party, the night when she had kissed him—the night she had had her one golden hour.

The words of the song slipped again into her memory—"Though all the skies are clouded, Though all the portals lour, Somewhere to someone, this is the golden hour."

Unconsciously she found herself saying them aloud. Philip stared at her.

"What did you say?" he asked. "She started violently. 'I didn't say anything—I was just thinking.'"

"Thinking about?" he asked cynically. "I did not answer. He kept his eyes fixed on her. Suddenly: 'What's the matter?' he asked, abruptly. 'Are you ill?'"

Her eyes had closed, and she swayed a little. She forced herself to look at him; she had the feeling of having been roughly roused from sleep.

"No—I'm quite well. Tired, that's all. Too many late nights," he said, unemotionally.

They went some way in silence. "I suppose I ought to tell you," Philip said then, "that people have been talking down here—about us! Otherwise I should not have asked you to come until I had gone. But my mother—"

promise to him that had brought her here. She would write and ask him to let her off that promise—she could not go on suffering any more.

The car turned in at the drive and stopped at the door of the Highway House. She moved her cramped limbs and got out; she went on into the hall without waiting for Philip. There was a wood fire burning in the grate; she looked at it and her thoughts carried her back to the last night she had stayed here, when she had stolen downstairs to leave her note for Philip; she turned and looked at him as he followed her.

"I suppose you burnt my note that night?" she said. "Burnt your note? What note?" She laughed as she met his eyes. "Oh, only one of the many, love-letters I have written you," she said with sarcasm.

He passed her without a word and went on to the library. She stood looking after him. "It was telling herself in a sort of blind terror," "It was my voice—that awful, sarcastic voice. Oh, what will become of me—what will become of me!"

She followed Philip into the library. He just glanced at her. "Haven't you better go and take your hat off? Lunch will be ready."

"Yes," But she sat down at the writing table. She watched her uneasily. He could not analyze his own feelings towards his wife except that through all the jealousy and bitterness and suffering there was a great pity for her, for her youth and her broken happiness.

Some minutes passed before he spoke. "Who are you writing to?" he asked. She started, dropping the pen she had taken up. She put her hand to her head in a confused sort of way. She laughed stupidly.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Persistency.

Mrs. Hodges was getting annoyed by the continual borrowing of her neighbor, Mrs. Smith. First it was little articles of grocery and so forth. One morning Mrs. Smith's little girl came to the door and said, "Please, mother says would you lend her a little bit of blacklead and some pepper and a big flat iron for an hour?" Mrs. Hodges determined to end the borrowing. "Tell your mother I've got other fish to fry," she snapped. The little girl went, but was back in two minutes with a dish and another request. "Please, mother says could you lend her some of the fried fish?"

## The Limit.

"One of the meanest men I ever knew was Hatterston. He smoked a cigar—if given to him—to the last half inch, chewed the stump, and used the ashes for snuff. Then he wasn't satisfied, and gave up smoking." "Why?" "Because he could not think of any way of using the smoke!"

## Grapes for the Family

By Loretta C. Lynch. An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to Household Management.

WITH the season for grapes here, the thrifty housewife should make the most of them. Instead of the usual fussy dessert, try serving grapes a natural.

Place one or two large grapes on a pretty dish. Then pile upon them grapes warm from the vine. Some prefer to pour a dash of boiling water over the grapes to clean them. A dash of cold should follow and then the fruit should be thoroughly chilled.

Instead of the regulation tea or coffee, try serving pure grape juice. Wash the grapes and mash them. Strain. Add no water, but a trifle of sugar may be added. Serve it chilled in all glasses. Half grape juice and half lemonade may be served hot in stone mugs during grape time.

Of course you will want to can some grape juice. This is a simple process, and in view of the many uses to which grape juice can be put during the cold months when fruits are scarce and expensive, every housewife should make it her business to see that some canned juice finds place on the pantry shelf.

Mash the grapes and cook until the seeds fall out. Strain through a cloth bag. Add sugar to taste. Actually boil twenty minutes. Pour into jars that have been sterilized by boiling at least twenty minutes. Rubbers should be dipped into boiling water and adjusted before pouring the juice into jars. The jar should be filled to overflowing and the sterilized cover immediately adjusted and tightened.

This grape juice may be used in punch or it may be combined with mint and ginger ale for a thirst-quenching drink.

There are still folk among us who dislike mayonnaise in any form. For them there is a salad made from grapes which even the most avowed dislikers of fruit salad will like.

Scald and rinse with cold water for grapes. Jelly. Wash and mash grapes. The cooling down, the salting grapes is the simple step, the salting grapes is the simple step, the salting grapes is the simple step.

Slit, said Ma, siltly, but we'll not have words about it. Go ahead & tell Bobbie about his Geography lesson. You know a lot more about Geography than you do about Theology, said Ma.

## A Miscellaneous Production.

"Yes," said the teacher, "the egg represents all that is gentile in creation—the cooling doves, the tuneful song-birds, and the stately swan. Now, what other gentle things are hatched from eggs?" "Snakes, ostriches, alligators, sparrows, hawks, and eagles," replied a young pupil.

## Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk. WEN you was a little boy I bet you didn't study Geology, I sed to Pa.

You lose, Bobbie, sed Pa. Wen I was a little boy I studied almost everything, sed Pa. The fate of them planets in the heavens, Pa sed, the shifting seasons, why a hen goes across the road, sed Pa.

Of course, sed Pa. Bobbie mite have knowed, sed Ma, that you did everything grate & brile & noabel wen you was yung. Ma sed. Even the study of rocks was not unknown to you as a child, sed Ma. I have often heerd your dear old father tell how he was on the rocks most of the time, sed Ma.

My old gent was always there with the bankrole, sed Pa. In that respect, sed Pa, he was not unlikely to me, sed Pa.

Why does peepul have to lern about rocks wen they never uses them excep wen they are kids to throw? I sed.

Because it is wise & good for peepul to lern all they can about everything befoer they die, sed Pa. Knoledge is Pow, sed Pa, & the moar we know the moar powerful are. This is why I am so strong now, sed Pa.

What can you tell me about Geology, so I can tell the teacher when school begins, I sed to Pa. Well, Bobbie, sed Pa, Geology is the stone study, the study of rocks & mountings & hills, sed Pa. But wen peepul lern Geology is they any smarter? I sed.

You shud not say is they, sed Pa, you shud say Are they? I sed. I sed, we they any smarter after they Have been teached Geology.

Of course, sed Pa. Everything wich we lern makes our brains that moar, sed Pa. Our brains are like a cooling shoven, sed Pa. Bobbie must lern to be a polished product of the world, too, sed Ma. But he must also lern never to refer to it, sed Ma. The truly grato men are the simple shoven, sed Ma, wich never brag & blow about thare gratoeness, Ma sed. How I wish you cud have been such, sed Ma to Pa.

Yud you have me any differnt than what I am, sed Pa. Siltly, sed Ma, siltly, but we'll not have words about it. Go ahead & tell Bobbie about his Geography lesson. You know a lot more about Geography than you do about Theology, said Ma.

## Animal Police.

The following excerpt from Fabre's "The Story Book of the Field," gives a little insight into the many beneficial uses of the commoner field animals: "The bats deliver us from a host of enemies, and they are outlawed. The mole purges the ground of vermin; the hedgehog makes war on noxious insects; and all night birds are clever rat-hunters; the adder, the toad and the lizard feed on the plunderers of our crops. Thus nature supplies the husbandman with an efficient police force."

## THE SUNDIAL

IT REGISTERS TIME MOST ACCURATELY.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS, Eminent Astronomer and Writer of Problems of Scientific Interest.

THE sundial has given to literature one of its finest allegorical phrases, "The shadow on the dial." What metaphor, or rhetorical figure, excels that in contemplative power?

The slow on-creeping of the dark gray, delicate-edged shade of the gnomon, gradually reaching and covering the successive figures of the hours, is a curiously fascinating sight. It is like the march of doom.

With a magnifying glass you can see the movement of time's shadowy finger. To the imagination it is an uncanny sight. It is mere motion made visible, for what seems to move is nothing, because a shadow has no substance.

There is no invention that man has ever made which puts under his eyes so startling an image of the fleetingness of life as is furnished by the sundial. The movement of clock hands has no such effect, for that is manifestly a purely mechanical phenomenon. Here, perhaps, lies the occult reason why these instruments have never been popular, why they were often attached to churches and cemeteries, why moral maxims appeared in the mottoes which they bore, and why, in these days, whenever you find a man who has taken pains to furnish his garden with a sundial you are sure to discover that he is of a meditative or contemplative disposition.

The sundial tells the true sun-time, at the place or on the meridian, where it is situated. Clocks are prevaricators and compromisers. You may startle me by saying that the sundial is a lie, for the moment when it is truly noon you must go to the sundial for that information.

Your clock will, ordinarily, give you what is actually somebody else's noon, situated at a considerable distance east or west of you, while somebody else's clock will give him your noon, and neither will have the real noon.

This is all right for general, practical purposes in this all-generous age, when we have made the world our oyster, and are concerned with all sides of it at once, but it is not right for certain, innumerable persons, who, for one reason or another, want to know the exact time shown by the real sun at the point on the earth where they happen to live, and not the conventional time shown by what astronomers call the "fictitious sun," which they have created to make easy work for clocks—nobody being able to make

the shadow of the gnomon will move across the plate on the side opposite to that on which the sun shines, and will reach, in succession, a series of hour lines, which must be drawn at such distances apart as to correspond with the relative positions of the principal meridians of the globe.

The edge of the shadow approaches the gnomon before noon and recedes from it after noon. At noon the sun will be directly down upon the top of the upright triangle, or exactly in its plane, and there will be no shadow, the moon line on the dial corresponding, as we have already seen, with the direction of the gnomon itself. Standing on the south side of the dial, the forenoon hours will be on the left, and the afternoon hours on the right.

The proper position for the hour lines on a dial can be ascertained by a simple geometrical method, which is too long to be described here. It is very important to have the meridian on the dial placed in exact accordance with the real meridian, and the ascertainment of the latter is a problem in elementary practical astronomy. Many complicated and extremely beautiful forms of sundials were made in the days before clocks and watches became common. They are precious curios for those who can appreciate them.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

TIME to stop your playing, Time to settle down, leave the brooklet straying through the rushes brown; leave the golden grasses, leave the shadowed pool, little lads and lassies, time to start to school! Time to bend for hours over book and slate, time to leave the flowers, play will have to wait.

Little voices, sighing, read of other lands; hours that once went flying drag on little hands. Patient come Rover, by the schoolhouse door, waits while lads discover "Two plus two make four." Seems a silly measure, leaving flowery ways, quitting play and pleasure for the reader's mass. Thoughtless grown-ups only would devise such schemes, leaving gardens lonely in the sunlight's gleams, leaving sand-piles waiting with their countless joys, pails and shovels prating of the girls and boys.

Geography and writing take their dismal turn, nothing much exciting for a kid to learn. "Rithmetic and reading, dreaded subjects both—summer days went speeding, these go like the sloth. Children's lips repeating lessons of the day while their thoughts are fleeing where the shadows stray, where the willows, sighing, whisper to the stream; where the red-birds flying set the woods a-gleam. Lonely winds sail, singing, o'er the lonely pool when the bells start ringing: "Time to come to school!" Though the aster beams, "Come and play once more," there are sums to reckon, "Two plus two make four."

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